

## Gods Daily 74

Chapter 74: The Destructive Power That Rips Apart Space

No one could have predicted it.

That the Hyrule War Academy—an institution respected for centuries—would hide such terrifying reserves of strength.

Master Rank!

A realm of power countless strong cultivators yearned for but few could ever hope to touch.

The revelation shook everyone. For a brief moment, even the raging purple thunderbolts in the sky dimmed, as though acknowledging the might that had just appeared.

But destruction was not a force that tolerated challenge.

It was a law unto itself—unyielding, merciless, absolute.

And as though provoked by the headmaster's display, the black storm clouds above grew restless once again.

Bolts of violet lightning crackled in agitation, rolling within the massive clouds.

They gathered, condensed, and swelled in power, preparing to descend upon the world below.

The will of destruction demanded to be obeyed.

At that moment, the remaining nine Doomsday Warriors moved in unison.

With the destructive storm overhead, they seemed to grow stronger.

The air fed their bodies.

The will of annihilation itself infused them, magnifying their strength, sharpening their edge.

Everyone watching could feel it—the storm was preparing to strike again.

A second thunderbolt was forming.

No one knew when it would fall, but all held their breath, dreading the instant of impact.

High above, Headmaster Everett Rhys stood firm.

His expression was grave, his eyes fixed on the heavens.

Of all the people present, no one understood the nature of this violet lightning better than he did.

The first bolt had been resisted.

He had managed to meet it head-on and survived.

It had not left him gravely wounded, but it had shown him the truth.

The destructive force within the thunder was beyond imagining.

If the second bolt was stronger than the first—and he suspected it would be—then even he might suffer a serious injury.

And yet Rhys felt no fear.

He had concealed his true strength for years, waiting for this very moment.

The dignity of the academy had been trampled.

The emperor had raised his hand against them.

Now the Hyrule War Academy would prove that it bowed to no one.

In the face of the academy's will, emperor or commoner—what difference was there?

To them, all outsiders were nothing but livestock, raised and discarded at will.

Then it came.

The second thunderbolt.

A blinding flash of violet split the sky.

The destructive aura that followed was overwhelming, crushing the senses of everyone who beheld it.

The bolt fell like a divine hammer, tearing through the academy grounds.

A vast swath of buildings was obliterated in an instant, their stone and timber reduced to ash.

Even Commander Gaia, though he stood at the edge of the battlefield, was caught in the blast.

He was hurled bodily through the air, coughing blood, his armor scorched and smoking.

The weaker imperial soldiers fared worse.

They screamed as the shockwave struck them, blood gushing from their mouths. Some collapsed where they stood, unable to rise.

And the academy's students—most of them mere strategists and scholars, not hardened warriors—were devastated.

Many were badly injured.

Some were flung aside like rag dolls.

Others were buried alive as debris and chunks of earth, hurled up by the strike, came crashing back down.

The professors, far stronger than the students, tried to shield themselves. But even among them, three were struck directly by the thunderbolt.

They had no chance to cry out.

No time to leave a final word.

In an instant, their bodies were turned to ash, consumed by violet fire.

Even Everett Rhys dared not meet this strike without caution.

He was a man of vast resources, a master whose position meant treasures flowed to him without asking.

Scrolls, grimoires, ancient Awakener Tools—he had them all in abundance.

Such was the power of the academy.

Such was his foundation, the root of his confidence.

He drew out one such scroll now, raising it high, ready to unleash its power.

But before he could, the thunder's aura touched it.

The scroll disintegrated instantly, reduced to drifting gray ash.

Everett's eyes flickered with surprise, but his expression remained calm.

Without pause, he produced another artifact—an ancient notebook bound in cracked leather, pages filled with forgotten runes.

Channeling its strength, and pouring his life force into his defense, he managed to deflect a portion of the thunder's force.

It was not enough to stop it entirely, but it was enough to create an opening.

Everett seized the chance.

He drew forth a rare teleportation scroll, his fingers crackling with light as he activated it.

Space itself began to ripple, a doorway of escape forming before him.

But destruction would not permit retreat.

The violet thunder rolled again, striking with merciless speed.

The half-formed teleportation gate ripped apart, shredded like paper in a storm.

The remnants of the bolt struck Everett square in the chest.

The ancient notebook flared desperately, absorbing some of the impact, but the force was too much.

Blood spilled from Everett's lips. His robes were charred, his body battered.

And still the thunder pressed downward.

In the very center of the academy, a colossal crater yawned open.

The ground collapsed inward, earth and stone sinking deep as if devoured by some invisible maw.

The sight left all the hidden observers stunned.

Gasps of disbelief spread through the ranks of spies and agents scattered throughout the city.

"What... what kind of power is this?"

"How can it be so destructive?"

If the second thunderbolt had done this, what of the third?

The clouds above were still boiling, still swelling with force.

Everyone could see it—the third thunderbolt was already gathering.

If it fell, would the entire academy be wiped from the face of the earth?

Had Emperor Aurek's power truly reached such terrifying heights?

In a dimly lit chamber of the Black Pearl Hotel, Bruno slumped to the ground in despair.

He remembered.

There had been a chance—an opportunity to side with Aurek, to grasp the future with both hands.

But he had hesitated.

He had chosen wrong.

And now that chance was gone forever.

Watching the sky burn with violet thunder, his heart filled with regret.

"Aurek..." he whispered hoarsely.

"How far have you grown? To even suppress a quasi-Master like Rhys... is there no limit to your strength?"

The answer was written in the headmaster's wounds.

Though Everett Rhys still lived, the truth was obvious.

The destructive thunder had left him grievously injured.

His defenses were failing.

Even a fool could see the power at work here was beyond ordinary reckoning.

The watching factions finally began to grasp the depth of their predicament.

On that earlier, bloody night when Aurek's assassins had struck, this power had not been used.

Back then, the killings had been subtle, shadowy—murder without form, without warning.

A hand unseen in the dark.

Now, by contrast, this was overwhelming force made manifest—destruction incarnate, crashing down from the heavens.

The difference was absolute.

The style, the element, the nature—it was not the same force.

Which meant... the ten black-armored soldiers had not even been present that night.

Aurek commanded two entirely different forces of terror.

The realization struck every faction leader like a hammer blow.

Though they sat in separate chambers, far from one another, each of them reacted the same way—sucking in a sharp breath of cold air.

The implications were too vast, too horrifying to put into words.

The young emperor they had dismissed as reckless and arrogant... had already far surpassed their imagination.

In the grand cathedral, the white-robed Bishop Ramos trembled with unease.

His face was ashen, his lips tight.

Never—not once—had he imagined Aurek could command such destructive might.

Even from this distance, far from the battlefield, he felt the oppressive aura surging over the city.

The very air tasted of ash and thunder.

And the thought that chilled him most was this:

On that bloody night, Aurek had not used this power at all.

Which meant he had held it back.

Which meant he had more cards still hidden.

"Such a force..." Ramos whispered to himself.

"Wrapped in the blessing of the Lord of Destruction itself. The most terrible of all powers."

He clenched his fists, knuckles white.

Whatever the cost, whatever the price of such a contract—Aurek had seized it.

And that fact alone made Ramos shiver.

Because if Aurek had more to show, then none of them—not the church, not the nobles, not even rival nations—were truly prepared for what was to come.